Title = Storybro's Endless Nightmare

This is the third, and final big tale of "Storybro's" life. This is also the google document, a rough, sharp-edged draft of what the story should be. I doubt I'm skilled enough to truthfully hone it to the point it deserves, but i'll give it my all, because it's what it deserves.
This will be the sorrowful tale of the two, there is no happy ending and i don't know about you, but i'll cry. Take that as you will, i truly suggest you try Sweet Dreams instead and never look back.

If you're here and didn't go through the blog page to get here, it means someone's made a choice for you! Ignore them and **go here first!**.

Links!

For those of you seeking the first story (and looking to start the adventure) Go here.
-Wordpress Site -Has various wiki pages and oodles of history about the stories. Also has links to anything you'll possibly need to get started, including snippets not available on the documents.

-Endless Nightmare Blog Page - This is the main page for this story. All chapters will be posted as-written here. Commentary strongly encouraged on-blog as it's a far nicer system than the one here.

Disclaimer: Because of the events contained in this story. Dates, places and even minor changes to event structure have to occur to keep it anonymous. You won't notice, they don't matter and the story's still true.

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Update #1 - November 26th

You don't need to, but i would suggest you make sure you've read the Epilogues of RoadTrip and the "Sparks, The Digital Companion" donor story. They provide a bit more detail than the recap i do here.

>The Road trip was really the beginning of the End
>And i say that because it's entirely cliche, and completely untrue
>Because the world kept spinning and everyone went along happily living their lives.
>Except me.
>It was the beginning of my end.
>Every mountain has its summit, and i'd tumbled off mine long ago.
>Slowly ripping my anchors, my support, my... friends... out along the way.
>As i sit here telling you.
>My back to the rough planks, and my sight to the stars.

>The slow crawl of the constellations across the night sky as my legs hang over the water.
>I'm just trying to make it clear, this decision didn't come lightly.

>Everything went so wrong after the road trip
>So very, very wrong.
>And i can't be entirely sure i didn't deserve it.
>Raven
>She and I weren't on talking terms... not after i brought her worst fears true.
>Even if just for a moment, a nightmare come reality.
>Half a year, Five whole months.
>That's how long it's been since i've heard her laughter.
>Maybe in a beautiful fairy tale everything ends happily, the boy proves he truly loves the girl and they fall together in the end.
>All past transgressions forgiven, looking for only the future.
>Maybe that's the story i should have told.
>But that would be lying.
>Then it just wouldn't have that unsettling realism, that makes you wonder
>Just wonder if this world is really fucked up enough to have something like this really happen.

>After the Road trip, we lost our friends.
>I say "We" because both Raven and I did it, pulled ourselves away. From everyone around us, secluding, reclusive in our lives until we had but a small shred of contact we used to hold.
>Or that's what i hear she did.
>I say "Lost" because truthfully, they lost me as i hid from the world.
>Submerged myself in the liquid world of video games, the depths of forums and the distractions they bring.
>The warm glow of the internet, the darkness of the world wide web.
>Ignored my responsibilities, my friends and my life as a whole.
>The first month after we'd flown home wasn't too bad.
>Blondie... Gadget, they got through and held on tight... to me at least.
>A trio of new best friends we were, and as women they did their job distracting me with pointless trips.
>Pulled me off to watch them meander through the mall one store at a time, the tedium of trying on clothes as Blondie showed the newcomer the ins and outs of rich-girl fashion.
>I would lie to you and say i hated it
>But if anyone, Gadget was the one faking a smile.
>A Man without a Goal, a Purpose or anything better to do with his life.
>He'll perk up his ears and happily follow you shopping... femanons
>Because i felt wanted, for those short moments i heard them call my name and lead me to the next isle.
>Comparing, preening and demanding my opinions on various outfits.
>That hope that someone cares i'm there with them.
>It makes me forget, for just a second.

>That i had nowhere better to be.

>Us three as friends, i ruined that too.
>My Selfish fault.
>I promised to date blondie, Remember?
>As if that wasn't a catastrophe waiting to happen.
>Took her out, three beautiful times
>She was a new experience, in so many ways that i regret almost forgetting.
>In the little ways that matter, details you only remember by comparing her to other women.
>If "Full Fedora" is a thing, then that's the treatment she got out of me.
>I greeted her with "M'lady", Threw my coat down in puddles so she could tiptoe across, pulled out her chair so she could politely sit first and even held her dainty hand as she boarded the stagecoach i'd summoned into existence from a pumpkin and a handful of mice.
>So the usual.
>Really it was just one thing, one insignificant thing that you only realize looking back.
>She was the first girl i'd ever held the door open for.
>Everyone else, every single female i'd ever come close to, they somehow always got there first.
>Because they were leading, i was following or we were simply equals and we let the door slam in one another's face.
>Or maybe we didn't worry about something as simple as a door.
>Blondie
>I always ended up looking back, smiling and holding the door for her.
>She was following me, because i was the experienced one, the one who knew what he was doing and had the plans.
>[spoiler]That's what dating younger women is like.[/spoiler]
>I led us every night, through a hand crafted adventure.
>Dinner, Movies, Homecooked Meals that I MADE
>*Gasp*
>Ice Skating, Hand Holding, Coffee and a chat.
>Cuddling on the Couch and watching cartoons till 2:00 AM.
>Straight to bed but not a wink of sleep or only cuddles till morning.

>Date Number Three, Blondie with her arms wrapped around me, cuddled up tight
>She said something entirely insignificant, meaningless
>Full honesty , not a hint of anything but content in her voice.
>Happiness
>"I could really start to love being treated like this."
>I took it, like a girl
>Maybe not then, but later when i thought about it the next day.
>I panicked
>In my mind, the real possibility that she could be falling for me, head over heels in a mistake i'd

made
>It brought me to abruptly breaking it off. Telling her quietly that we couldn't continue.
>That i didn't want to take her out anymore.
>She took it as well as you could expect anyone to take something like that
>A dejected sigh, an "Oh... ok..."
>And even if she pretended it was perfectly fine

>These stars, they're telling me now that maybe it wasn't anything to do with her.
>Blondie wasn't stupid, she knew i wasn't emotionally stable, and she knew i just wanted to treat her nicely without any feelings attached.
>That i was in a place where i needed someone to dote on, someone who didn't mind warming a seat.
>I'd just up and broken off something that hadn't had any meaning besides showing her a good time.
>Maybe i was afraid of falling for her. Doesn't matter, what's done is done.
>I didn't join her shopping after that.
>That's how i pushed her away.

>Aubrey, Freckles, they tried. Maybe a little bit too lightly.
>Someone else probably reminding them they should give it a shot, at least try to be my friend.
>Even if the connections i mostly knew them through were severed.
>They failed, but like i said they...
>It doesn't matter.
>They couldn't pull me out of my house, the digital world i'd lost myself in.
>That leaves two girls. Probably the two i had the most contact with.
>Even if i didn't know the first one was who i was talking to.
>Glasses, well
>She's worth a story in her own right
>One you probably already read.
>She uhh... masqueraded as a silent friend i'd "Made" online.
>Pretended to be someone new, and kept me company as i was up all night losing myself.
>I, the idiot that i am. Fell for it
>Fed her all my problems and used her as stupid silent emotional pillow
>I caught her slipping, an absolute rarity when she accidentally gave it away.
>That my new digital friend that i started using for company because of all my problems, had just started all my problems in the first place.
>I'd blocked her a week ago.
>And i don't really know what i felt about it.
>Admired her, or hated her for it.
>Didn't matter, not now at least.
>All i could think about, is how angry gadget was going to be.
>How furious she'd get when she found out i did this without her, didn't have her sitting along.

>Didn't bring two ropes.
>Not that i could anyway
>I wasn't in Los Angeles, i hadn't been for a month.
>Not that i wanted to be there.

>Four weeks after the road trip, my family. Collapsed.
>Suddenly relatives died, three right in the span of two weeks. A family pet passed away unexpectedly, and my mom & dad already were in trouble with themselves over money.
>Two months from the road trip, my parents divorced, and we were moving out.
>That is a disgusting experience, selling a house you're living in.
>You put everything away, clean incessantly and lay out every room like it's in a commercial.
>Then your entire weekend, saturday, sunday, they kick you out of the house so groups of people can mill through and steal whatever they'd like.
>Without a home on weekends, i know where i probably could have gone.
>Walked around the block.
>Knocked on the door, greeted my second family and tried to use pity, or simple cherished memories to spark contact again.
>But i... i was too noble
>Me...the Chivalrous idiot, i left her alone.
>Our mothers were still friends and... i heard things.
>That's how i knew Raven had done the same thing i had, or maybe more effectively.
>Lost herself in MMOS, her mother and mine always chided and bitched about either one.
>Sometimes asking me the all important question of "Are you two playing online together?"
>That fawning hope that maybe, just maybe we'd made up and they didn't know about it.
>I broke hearts when i shook my head.

>Gadget took me in on the weekends
>She was someone i couldn't fuck up
>I mean, i did. I completely screwed her home dynamic. That brother of hers used to love her, dote attention, gifts, car rides to hobby shops when her dad wasn't around.
>He loved her, and she loved him as a brother.
>And now he didn't say a damn word to her, not a fucking peep.
>Scared, or angry he was done with her, she didn't get gifts, or hugs, or even eye contact at the dinner table.
>I'd ruined all those brotherly things
>And Gadget was crushed
>she hid it, she hid it like she hid everything. Like a Squirrel hiding food for the winter she tucked it away in little places she'd probably forget.
>She never blamed me
>Never once told me it was the wrong thing to do, or that i'd acted out of place
>But i saw it, myself i saw what i'd wrought
>He was probably such a great overprotective brother because he felt bad, or wanted to make it

up to her for what he was doing.
>Now he was just scared of her, or ashamed of himself and avoiding it entirely.
>If i thought gadget was hurt before, because he was sexually abusing her? It's nothing compared to how she was now.
>Silent, quiet for someone who's normally quiet, and that's a terrifying thing. Distant, and eventually she became close
>Suddenly she was attached to my arm, holding hands, arms around me in hugs she forced upon me as if they were for my benefit.
>I was suddenly taking her places, or she was forcing me along to everything she wanted to do.
>That's when i realized she was using me to replace him.
>I didn't get over that realization lightly, not without tearing my soul to shreds.
>I'd taken the moral highground right? I'd done what was perfectly just and correct, what everyone would have told me to do.
>I stopped an older brother from "Sexually Abusing" his younger sister.
>That's what i did right?

>So why did those questions revolve around in my head even now.
>What fucking right did i have to step in like that and do what i'd done.
>Did i imagine her brother would just pull back and not touch her ever again without any other changes?
>What kind of fucking idiot must i have been to take her brother away from her.
>Maybe that's when you get wiser, making the same mistake twice.
>Because those doubts applied to the same place i'd ruined everything before.
>Was i actually in the Right taking Raven's father away from her?
>I had to tell myself yes
>Because why bother breathing if the answer was "No"
>Gadget and i worked on her engineering projects in those days away from home.
>I helped her build an RC car, one that ran on gasoline
>Loud as hell, zipped around and tried to break your ankles at the silly fast speeds it could go.
>She helped, i can't even begin to tell you how much she helped, even if what i'd done to her tore me apart.

>The days passed, and the final day in my home arrived.
>Blondie showed up first, sat with me on my front steps and watched the world go by.
>We didn't say much, but she wished me a happy move and a goodbye from the neighborhood.
>Gadget showed up next, hugs, a kiss on the cheek.
>But she was happier about it, i was moving to her neighborhood, walking distance of one another and no longer car-rides apart.
>She waited with me, long after blondie walked away
>Watching the sidewalk, quietly for someone to show up
>She shared her earbuds, and we quietly waited
>Not a word spoken, she knew i just wanted someone.
>To say goodbye

>The day lazily trawling, pedestrians walking dogs as if nothing about that day was different.
>The music even matched, harmonious, long drawling sets of beauty and progressive melodies.
>As if she'd made a goodbye playlist, just for me.
>Nothing, nobody came
>Not until mother-storybro shuttled us two into the car with the last of our bags.
>As we packed up, and Gadget adorned my lap, nowhere else to sit with all the bags in the car.
>Giving her a ride home anyway.

>If this was a movie
>You know what would happen, you know who would show up
>Those very last seconds as we pulled away from the house.
>As we watched the driveway disappear, and my mother's lighthearted but pained request to wave goodbye.
>You know what would have come along, screaming and yelling behind the car for it to stop, just stop.
>But all that came to me were tears as we left that home behind.

Because of fairly elaborate reasons, i'm heavily on the the edge contemplating for, or against threads for these last stories. Because of the complications involved, all i can note is that we'll try them out and see what happens. Staggered threads seems the most logical way to do it. As such ***Endless Nightmare will have an R9k thread at 8:00 PST Saturday November 29th.*** *The link to this thread will be posted here when the time comes.*

Update #2 : November 29th

https://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14922484/

>Stupid me, you know if you ever have kids, remember there's an age you should never, ever divorce.
>14-18, those five years don't even think about it. Because what happens in those situations is that your kids.
>They take sides
>I Took my mother's, always the one to pick women over men i guess. I took fault with his yelling at her, screaming names and slamming doors.
>I pushed him away, and didn't end up living with him.
>Then i blamed myself for the divorce, because no matter how much they tell you it wasn't your fault, or you didn't have anything to do with it.
>You think otherwise.

>So what right? Just another reason to force myself into a room and not talk to anyone.
>Gadget was the only one
>The only one; three months in

>I'd moved closer to her at-least, enough that it was a comfortable walk from one of our residences to the other.
>It's always odd how that never seemed to work both ways, she'd visit me and i'd almost never visit her.
>More indication i guess, that she wasn't really helping me as much as helping herself.
>Her household no longer the welcoming place, my fault.
>So she showed up at mine, more and more frequently, until it was every single day.
>Not that i minded, i owed her probably
>At first i'd get up, the courteous host i'd learned to be. Offer a drink, food, plan our entertainment or activities that we could both easily do together.
>After a while, you know how that changes.
>"Here's the damn kitchen, help yourself"
>Good friends just kinda do that, so i think at one point i stopped putting effort into it, or making a big deal about her coming over.
>That's kinda when everything there went downhill too

>As she started spending more and more time with me, i slowly no longer dropped everything i was doing when she showed up.
>Stayed sitting on the computer, greeted her, but my attention elsewhere. To whatever game i'd picked at the time.
>I think even worse, was that she wasn't the type to really interrupt that, or drag me kicking and screaming away from that monitor.
>Something that i'd probably desperately needed.
>Instead, she'd join me, and that's where i really connect myself to hurting her.
>It would always depend, but mostly she'd arrive, force her way onto my chair (or as we quickly rearranged the room) a couch. Sitting right beside me.
>Curled up and watched.
>Suddenly she was along with me, in my adventuring prison of video games and escapism.
>Sometimes, we would coop
>other times we would trade off on deaths, or at save points if we weren't hiding our powerlevel.
>Or usually, she would just grab my blanket
>We called it a "Fuzzy" a furry leopard print massive throw-over that my grandmother made me when i was younger.
>Cutest, and warmest damn thing
>I always watched as gadget curled it around her torso, wrapped herself up into a bundle with just a head, and lay down on my lap.
>Head towards the screen, just watching.
>That, as adorable as it sounds, didn't really hit the right escapism points for her.

>Not perfectly.
>I wasn't really the distraction she wanted, or maybe i was and i just wasn't enough.
>Because she started showing up with...
>Well you'll see.

>At first i barely realized it.
>When it first happened, when it all started.
>It was a day like any other.
>Sitting at the computer like always, i heard the door click open
>Not that i had to, but i glance to my left.
>Everyone else knocked, or softly spoke through the wood.
>So i wasn't surprised it was Gadget, slowly closing it behind her, and slinking as usual directly to my bed.
>She loved my bed, a ritual almost.
>She made the appropriate pomf sounds, flinging herself face first into my pillow, before retrieving and curling up next to me with her favorite blanket.
>My little observing leopard.
>Except
>In that terrifying way that you notice almost instantly when someone you know far too well changes.
>She didn't smell like Gadget.
>She smelled like smoke.
>Spent the day pretending i didn't notice, because
>Well i didn't feel like i deserved to tell her what to do.
>I let it slide once, she kept me company, chattering about various things.
>Every once in a while sneaking out, and returning, that unnerving acidic smell fresh on her clothing and hair. Then wrapped again, until we'd both eaten twice, returned to video games, and it was late at night.
>She unwrapped herself, kissed me goodbye on the cheek, and was gone.

>I said i would let it slide, until i finally decided to turn in for the night.
>Grabbed my blanket, wrapped myself up, and realized.
>It didn't smell like her, just... smoke too.
>Once, just once, i let it slide
>It seemed to be a one time thing, she didn't smell like tobacco anymore.
>Maybe a little bit, but i figured she'd gone through an entire pack and didn't have another.
>Until one week later.
>She arrived, same as always. A soft click, a pomf, a wrap of the blanket, and...
>Cigarettes, as if she'd gone through two or three just outside my doorstep.
>The aroma hanging heavily off her clothes, and hair.
>It made me sick
>Reminded me of things, people, i never wanted to remember.
>So i robusted the poor girl.

>Paused, rolled her off my lap, unwrapped and pinned her down. Went through every pocket she had.
>At first? She was surprised.
>That innocent confused look, blinking upwards rapidly trying to ascertain what i was doing.
>Then on pocket #3, she realized, or remembered.
>What i'd done last time i'd found her with a box of the darn things.
>Pockets #4-8 those were tough
>[spoiler]Gadget was made out of pockets, don't judge[/spoiler]
>She struggled, kicked, and eventually cried when i found them.
>i think she said something like "They are not hurting you!"
>Something stupid, but it set me off.
>The number of times i've yelled at gadget, i can count on one hand.
>But this was one of them

>One i deeply regret.
>I Held her down, one hand on each arm, and maybe i let out all my anger about my current life on her.
>My face, a terrifying visage of furious rage i'm sure.
>Spittle flying, hitting her in the cheek.
>The girl who didn't deserve it.
>I threatened a whole list of things.
>Threatened to not let her come over if she smoked
>That i couldn't stand the smell
>Stand her if she was smoking, sneaking outside every hour for another cig and coming back fresh.
>That i'd never talk to her again if she didn't stop.
>That she knew better
>And who knows how many things i shouldn't have ever said.
>Then i rummaged, found some clothes that would fit her from my wardrobe, and forced her to take a shower.
>Led her out, shoved into my bathroom and closed the door.
>Rude if anything, like i was just the commander of the situation and she had to follow my rules
>She did
>God Damnit gadget, always trusting me.
>Thirty minutes later.
>She quietly returns
>I look up when she does, notice what she's wearing. Or not wearing.
>Towel wrapped around her torso, her curves obviously showing through.
>Long slender dark legs, and slicked down brown hair.
>Gadget, she steps across the room
>Sets down her clothes, a messy pile, along with mine, still neatly stacked.
>Then flings herself headfirst into my pillow, a pomf as usual.
>Grabs my blanket, what else really?

>And curls herself up next to me as usual.
>Apologizing the entire way.

>This time, she smelled like peppermint.
>And a flurry of texts off her phone.
>She was staying the night.
>If it wasn't obvious, she was the one who dictated when anything lewd happened.
>Usually when she was really feeling down
>Almost no real feelings involved, just an emotional pick-me-up when we did have sex.
>And today i made her feel awful about herself, about her choices.
>So she lured me into "Making her feel better"
>I guess that's as much of an apology as she wanted from me.
>As if i was another chemical she could consume.
>I wasn't enough, whatever i was.
>She spent the night, never touching the clothes i laid out for her
>my mother worked evenings, and it's not like she cared anyway.
>But the next morning, after we'd roused ourselves from curled up sleep.
>The computer still whirring away, movie paused at the end of whatever credits we'd failed to stay awake for.
>She threw on her jacket, Pants, and wordlessly pulled up her hood.
>Then grabbed.
>That single packet of cigarettes right off my desk.

>I was seconds away from protesting.
>Maybe i would have growled, and told her to get out
>Maybe i'd have given her another chance.
>But she doesn't let me
>She turns, a serious, yet relaxed smile across her cheeks.
>Doesn't give me a chance to argue; Just one sentence
>"I am going to give them back"
>And with two swishes, she was out my door.
>I didn't yell, or chase after her thinking she wouldn't be honest.
>I just lay back on my pillow and let her leave
>For my only friend, atleast i trusted this one.

>She never came back smelling like smoke, not once.
>I regret that entirely, because i should have just let her.
>She came with other things instead
>Alcohol first
>Vodka, Tequila
>Her favorites it seemed, she'd order them online and the internet would deliver them to her doorstep.
>And soon, her father must have figured it out

>Because they arrived on my doorstep instead.
>See, Gadget wasn't selfish, not even a little bit
>She'd offer, and encourage me to get wasted with her.
>The only times we'd laugh anymore was when we were smashed
>Her giggling, curled up on my lap with the tiger blanket
>Me failing my team in whatever FPS i'd decided was a good idea to play drunk.
>Laughter at things that happened on screen, glitches, bugs, character models flipping out or comical things you'd only remember if you saw it happen.
>Gadget was an honest friend, she'd always share.
>I wouldn't always drink, and that was the problem.
>Quickly it was just her, drinking to forget things we never talked about.
>That's always so lonely, i don't know why she did it
>Drinking alone.
>Curled up on my lap, watching a movie, or staying the weekend and binge watching a TV show we'd both found online.
>Munching day-old pizza (Anchovies and Pineapples, i'm serious)
>Drinking was her escape, and media was mine.
>Being together just made it bearable.

>After a while, alcohol just didn't do it.
>I guess there's a certain extent of being drunk, to where you're just sad anyway.
>Can't forget what brought you to drinking in the first place.
>Gadget... was deeply troubled, and i was the wrong person.
>To long gone in my own head, too unwilling to help myself, let anyone else.
>So i didn't stop her, when she showed up with...
>Other substances...
>First it was powders, something slightly yellow, a fine dust that you placed a dab of in your palm and licked.
>It was supposedly cheap, i don't know how nor did i ask how she got it.
>Made us giddy, giggly and had a taste so stingy and disgusting it lingered in the back of your throat for hours. Even if you chugged something strong directly after.
>We went through various colors
>White
>Off white, something brown and one that was neon blue.
>She always brought enough for both of us
>And i only joined her sometimes, disliking the taste, and the way they screwed up my reaction times and coordination.
>Someone had to play the vidya i guess.
>Except for neon blue
>I took one snort of whatever that was, and i can't remember a damn thing
>I know for a fact we in all likelihood just stared dumbly at the characters idle animation.
>For who knows how many hours, as the zone music looped.
>Terrifying stuff, whatever that neon blue was.

>Gadget loved it.

>I think most of the early drugs were prescription medications, things that were experimental or just joining the cusp of being street abused at the time.
>Grinded down pills, resold as something entirely "New" Because they all had silly names.
>Gadget would tell me each one
>"Crunkz" or "Heeps", "Billy", "Boots", "Barbs" or other silly nonsensical terms that someone somewhere thought was a good idea.
>The blue powder was called "Bluebirds", had a little tag on it and everything.
>She eventually got her hands on more common drugs though
>Coke seemed to be a favorite, then the occasional bit of meth, Angel Dust (Pcp) and well
>Pretty much everything
>I watched her bring everything into my house
>Ingest it, always oral it seems.
>Even meth, she didn't smoke it, taking my words to heart. She had little capsules full of it.
>Ecstasy was fun, i tried that one.
>Just made everything i was touching almost "Too much" to feel
>Like every bit of my skin had little feelers on it i'd turned off at a young age and forgotten how to use.
>Ex just made us super cuddly, and hate clothes.

>I don't even think we had sex
>Just felt one another up, not even lewd feeling
>Like jesus christ ankles are amazing.
>There were a couple other interesting drugs i guess.
>Not that they matter.
>Gadget went though everything herself
>After a while, not even bringing enough for both of us.
>Simply because i wouldn't touch it anyway.
>She always offered still, even if she didn't have very much.
>Would have shared if i wanted, wouldn't have batted an eye and split it evenly i'm sure.
>But... just
>I don't know
>I let her
>Let her pick up harder and harder escapes for herself, and buzz out in my room, on my bed, my lap, my shoulder or anywhere else.
>Strung out on my lap, so often we didn't even talk much anymore.
>Just a warm body keeping another company.
>I'd made her promise that if she was going to do these things, she had to be here.
>With me
>My false sense of capability, that i could be there if anything went wrong, or if anything happened.

>Sometimes gadget didn't come over for a couple days, and sometimes she stayed for days at a time.
>I figured balancing her friendship with the other girls
>Ones i never asked about, balanced with whatever we... were.
>One week that stopped
>Five days i think, we spent together.
>Her strung out on something for hours at a time, conscious long enough to hug, drink something and go in for another round.
>Not really something you notice at the time.
>But her eyes changed
>Sunken, circles under her lids as if she'd had a serious lack of sleep.
>Her cheekbones gaunt, and maybe she just didn't weigh as much when she curled her way onto my lap.
>Thats how she found us.
>Blondie

>Guess she'd called me five or six times.
>Not that i checked my phone anymore, buried under a pile of crap somewhere around here.
>She barged into my room angrily, door slammed open
>"I CAME TO ASK IF YOU'VE SEEN GA-
>Of course, seeing us there had her stop
>Obviously found who she was looking for, the girl in a hood, earphones and blanket staring off into the distance on my lap.
>It didn't go very well
>First blondie tried to talk to her
>Get some kind of answer about where she'd been, and why they weren't hanging out.
>Gadget didn't respond, she wouldn't.
>Then she found the pills
>Put two and two together
>Suddenly
>It's my fault
>With the reflexes of a snarling tiger, Blondie screams at me
>Something incomprehensible, before a shove
>A hand to my throat, throttling me as she raises her other
>And slaps me soundly across the cheeks.
>"YOU! YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S BEEN DOING THIS TO HER!"
>I didn't even think
>Not until that moment, when i saw the tears, streaming down blondie's face.
>How Gadget had been handling everyone else, the friends she had that weren't me.
>Blondie slapped me again
>And again
>Crying the entire time, shoving me off my seat and to the floor

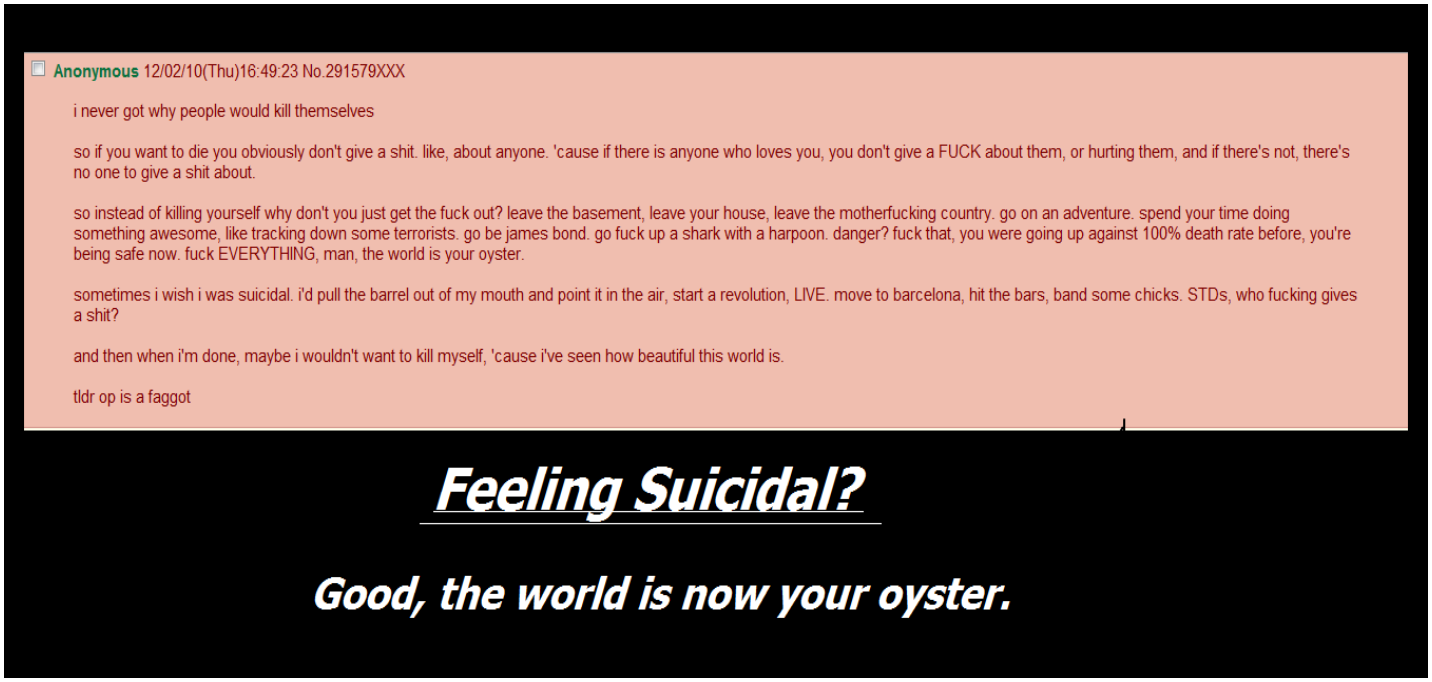
>Gadget, still motionless, strung up on whatever it was she'd taken that day.

>You see its things like that, that make me figure this is all worth it.
>That i should just slide right off, into the darkness and be done.
>I deserve it.
>Even though i explained it to blondie, everything.
>That i didn't get her the drugs, she just... showed up with them and i didn't stop her.
>I still felt like an accomplice, a guilty party.
>Blondie this time i guess
>Had more sense than either of us
>She told parents, mine, gadget's
>Gadget's dad flipped.
>Something about her bringing back the past, and trying to hurt herself again.
>I learned about it all in a flurry of texts
>About how i was a "Bad" Influence on her.
>Blame the boy, yeah
>Then about him signing her up for Rehab.
>Then that was it, they took her phone away.
>Right now, as i talk to you now, staring up at this sky
>I haven't talked to her for two weeks.
>Not a word.

>See, my mother panicked too.
>Family members had passed away, father's side.
>I wasn't really close, but i hadn't planned on going to the funerals.
>Not until this all happened.
>My mother decided i was going, to see my father, and nothing i could argue would change that.
>Telling her i didn't want to visit the man i hadn't talked to in months
>The man i didn't want to see.
>It wasn't a discussion, i was forced onto a plane, and that was it.
>Two funerals, really improved my mood
>Not that i cared, but the somber emotions, the attitudes of everyone. They rubbed off.
>Already depressed me, ripped away from my last friend because i'd let her hurt herself?
>Really
>How do you figure that all turned out?
>I'll give you a hint.
>Yelling
>Door Slamming
>I didn't make it more than two days.
>The Smell of the city got to me, the overbearing sadness surrounding the world i seemed to be in.
>Somewhere around the afternoon, i ran away.
>Sure i was a dramatic faggot about it

>Everyone i was staying with knew i was doing it, not some silent vanish into the night.
>But i guess they didn't follow me
>I didn't tell them where i was going, or what i was going to do anyway.

>So i wandered
>Not really much in the term of directions to choose, i picked a dock.
>Not even that far from our house.
>Middle of the city, and there were only a handful of boats sitting around.
>Debris, ropes and rusty bits from boats people had long left behind.
>I picked two
>A Rope
>and a rusty anchor.
>So there i am
>Sitting at the edge of some rotting creaking pile of wood.
>A rope, a heavy weight, and my life in my hands.
>Staring up at the night sky.
>Telling you this story.
>And i tell you, i can't think up a single reason i shouldn't do it.
>Not one, besides gadget.
>Not even living for her, but simply how unhappy she'd be if she knew i'd gone and done it without her along.
>A topic we discussed
>Frequently.
>It brings me to that old image.


Anonymous 12/02/10(Thu)16:49:23 No.291579XXX
i never got why people would kill themselves
so if you want to die you obviously don't give a shit. like, about anyone. 'cause if there is anyone who loves you, you don't give a FUCK about them, or hurting them, and if there's not, there's no one to give a shit about.
so instead of killing yourself why don't you just get the fuck out? leave the basement, leave your house, leave the motherfucking country. go on an adventure. spend your time doing something awesome, like tracking down some terrorists. go be james bond. go fuck up a shark with a harpoon. danger? fuck that, you were going up against 100% death rate before, you're being safe now. fuck EVERYTHING, man, the world is your oyster.
sometimes i wish i was suicidal. i'd pull the barrel out of my mouth and point it in the air, start a revolution, LIVE. move to barcelona, hit the bars, band some chicks. STDs, who fucking gives a shit?
and then when i'm done, maybe i wouldn't want to kill myself, 'cause i've seen how beautiful this world is.
tldr op is a faggot
Feeling Suicidal?
Good, the world is now your oyster.

>That one

>It's posted around, constantly, thread after thread.
>Because it looks good
>It's a positive message, it feels like it should make sense.
>But i guess i already explained depression before right?
>You know how you see all of those things as positive.
>Imagine
>Just for a second
>That hitting the bars, banging some chicks, fighting sharks and tracking down terrorists.
>Imagine that all of a sudden, that didn't sound cool
>It just sounded pointless.
>Negative even, as if no matter how hard you tried they would never turn out well.
>The words across your head every time "Why bother?"
>Why travel the world to fight sharks and die pointlessly to one?
>Why try to pick up chicks in another country if they'll just reject you like they do now.
>Why fucking bother.
>Depression is not actions
>It's a feeling, an emotion
>Pain that doesn't go away.
>See, as i sit here.
>Contemplating throwing the anchor and following it down.
>It's because everything hurts and i want it to stop.
>And nothing

>Not a single damn thing could make it better.
>Not even footsteps behind me
>A voice
>One i didn't expect to ever hear again
>Admittedly that wasn't anyone, but you get what i mean.
>Her voice
>Exasperated, out of breath from running.
>One word, one i couldn't even be sure i heard.
>That questioning tone i knew far too well.
>"REALLY?"

That's where we end for tonight. Mostly because it's all caught up on recap stuff, and story returns to present tense now, assuming i don't break it. Updates Scheduled Tuesday December 2nd & 8:00 PM Pst (We can try another thread then). Blog page shall be placed shortly. Please direct all comments there.

Update #3: December 2nd

https://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14980646/

>Well first, i didn't even react.
>Because it didn't fucking matter.
>Too little, far, far too late.
>My mind playing tricks on me
>One last "FUCK YOU" from my brain to me?
>Right
>That's what i figured, staring up at the sky
>The water lapping against the wooden supports
>That's what i figured.
>I'd also be wrong.
>Thunk, Thunk, Thunk
>Three steps, obviously something behind me.
>Hopefully a potentially vicious lion, tiger, or possibly crocodile wearing boots.
>No such luck, Unless the crocodiles in louisiana are complete assholes.
>She'd taken a couple steps closer, could probably see in detail what i was doing, and reacted.
>Badly
>"I always knew you were a melodramatic little bitch"
>A single sentence, so absolutely unfitting it was soul crushingly additive to my emotions.

>I think she had more to say. But i just snapped
>Head around, a perfect glare.
>I couldn't see her eyes, but i bet she saw mine.
>I could only imagine what they glowed with.
>Pitch black coals of blue lightning, daring her to speak.
>One more word
>One more fucking word and i'm over the edge.
>As if the entire situation was no longer about me, not in the tiniest bit.
>Just about her.
>I'd plunge just to spite. Her.
>My "So Called" Best friend.
>The one that hadn't spoken once, visited in my wallowing self pity.
>The one that avoided me entirely, not even visiting as i left my old home behind.
>Raven
>Standing there, in a pair of obnoxious looking boots, shorts, and a hooded black jacket.
>The moon silhouetted behind her, her face entirely clouded in shadow.
>I couldn't read what she was thinking. Couldn't even see her face.
>But i knew who it was.
>She was far too little, far too late
>Even if my glare had halted her, even for a moment.
>Her mouth still managed to form words, little icy daggers, just for me.
>"You know i get a phone call about you throwing a pissy fit, and i find THIS?"
>I think she was probably right.
>"You waiting for someone? Why don't you just throw it in already?"
>She didn't stop.
>Each syllable shredding what little bits of hope my heart was holding in tatters.
>But all those daggers did was make me pick up the anchor.

>I knew, i knew what she was doing.
>What you're supposed to do when a friend's having a breakdown, on the verge of self harm.
>Shock the shit out of them.
>All you get when you're suicidal is sympathy, loving bullshit and caring people all around who just want to help.
>I'll tell you now that no matter what kind of good you think you're doing, sitting calmly next to someone and talking them down doesn't really help as nearly much as someone slapping you across the cheek and telling you to "Do it faggot"
>One of them makes them quietly shove away the feelings for later, and the other makes them entirely reevaluate the situation.
>Really, there's nothing entirely like holding your death in your hands.
>That power over your own life
>That object, be it knife, bag, anchor or pill
>The entire moment, knowing that your action will cause you to cease to live.

>There's been research, studies into countries with assisted suicide laws.

>Where the physician hands you a needle, and you pull it up to your flesh.
>As you are required to be the one to pull the trigger.
>Time and time again, these countries find that people who finally get to that stage.
>Have all that power in their hands.
>You realize just how much you really want to live.
>They can put that needle down, reaffirm themselves, and reevaluate life.
>After all, they can always come back later.
>Problem was, holding that rusty hooked chunk of metal in my lap.
>I didn't feel anything.
>Raven didn't know that shocking someone into being angry at you instead of themselves.
>It doesn't work when you're already blaming them.
>She wasn't helping, just giving me another reason.

>Maybe she realized that
>Read me without even looking at my eyes, now dead set on the empty vastness of the lake's bay.
>A dark Horizon that i could barely tell apart from the moonlight refracting on the water.
>That way in the darkness, where you can't tell where the world ends and space begins.
>Best guess is just where the stars start, but really because of the atmosphere it's much earlier than that.
>Thats where i was staring
>Not even flinching when i heard footsteps, pacing. Rummaging through piles of debris behind me, or maybe the refuse still left here on the dock.
>It didn't matter, i didn't care
>Didn't have the slightest concern that this absolutely disgusting human being had come in my last moments.
>Which i had decided right then, contemplation period over.
>That they were my last moments
>And this awful human, who came only to torment me?
>She'd get to watch.

>Serves her right.
>There was absolutely nothing she could do anyway
>If i threw that anchor in, there's no way she was a strong enough swimmer to pull me and it up from the bottom
>If she ran for help, it would be far too late.
>Nothing she could do.
>Or maybe there was
>Her voice
>As the footsteps returned, ran up behind me with creaking thuds against the ancient planks.

>"Need Help?"
>An exasperated statement, a gasp almost.
>Hand, suddenly on my shoulder, gripping tightly
>Weight, shoving.
>She could always push me in.

>I'd love to say my life flashed before my eyes
>that would be neat
>But i guess the ghost of christmas past was on vacation, uninterested in showing me where i'd fucked up along the way.
>I knew anyway.
>As i tumbled forward into the water.
>I didn't feel anything as i was falling
>Kinda surprised i guess.
>Who knew right? that ending? That Raven would be the one to finally kill me off?
>My bets were always on literally anyone else.
>I'll admit i might have closed my eyes and gripped the anchor tightly on the way down.
>Couldn't feel it either.
>One last thing to hold on to right?
>That's what i thought too, except i felt like i should feel something.
>Anything
>Relief, anticipation, exhaustion
>Some measure of sweet release as it's finally about to be over.
>But i don't really have anything else to compare it to. Because i didn't feel a damn thing.
>Except for one
>Regret
>Just the tiniest twinge, because i realized i was going to hate myself the entire time i drowned.
>I knew what i was in for, remember? I've suffocated before.
>I'd like to think i picked it intentionally.
>Imagining suffering would finally end in some kind of catharsis, or absolution for the pure shit i've wrought upon the world.
>That's something to regret too i guess.
>All i could do was wait for that shock of cold water, maybe then i'd feel something.

>Problems though
>Two seconds later i still hadn't hit, and i had to pry my eyes open
>-.-
>My eyes seemed to be linked to not feeling anything, because opening them brought it all back
>Hand on my shoulder
>Hard wood beneath me, cold breeze across my cheeks, nose freezing off my face.
>A rusty hunk of heavy-as-hell metal in my lap.
>*sigh*
>Bitch couldn't even kill me properly.

>Plus, to make it worse, she seems to have just used my shoulder as a handhold to sit down next to me.
>Her own legs dangling, and kicking happily over the edge.
>I watched them swish, twice back and forth. Those stupid fucking boots she was wearing.
>I was beyond furious that she
>She was fucking perfectly fine about this entire thing
>Completely at ease
>I didn't really know how to react to that
>Besides maybe anger
>angry at her for not giving a shit
>Not a single god damn feeling, and that smile on her face as she brought her knees back for another kick, a swish with her feet above the water.

>She kicked once, twice, and then changed her position
>Grabbed my arm, with one hand, and yanked it towards her roughly
>Almost so fast, that i didn't react
>But i did
>Yanked back
>Screamed at her
>"GET AWAY FROM ME YOU BITCH!"
>it wasn't planned, just the first words to come out of my mouth
>When you tie insults just because you're angry, but you really didn't think them out beforehand.
>I almost sent her tumbling headfirst into the water herself with that yank, but she clutched my forearm and didn't fall in.
>She didn't miss a beat
>Two words
>"Or what?"
>A snide retort, daring me to throw the anchor, or shove her headfirst into the murky water.
>Maybe even worse
>I started
>"I'LL ~"
>And she cut me off
>"You'll do what? Throw yourself in?"
>She yanked my arm again, towards her, but not exactly away from the water
>"Hurt me? Pull me down too?"
>Her right wrist suddenly lined itself up with mine, her left hand flickering through the air so fast i didn't react
>Just watched
>As she Wound
>One twist, two, three.
>Then i realized what she was doing

>Tying our wrists together

>My right hand came to save my left from this foul fate
>And she caught it, in her left
>Fingers clasped around my open palm, holding my hand tightly, clenched.
>Above our heads, away from interfering.
>As she bent over at the waist, grabbed the end of the knot in her teeth, and pulled it tight.
>I tried to pull my bound wrist away
>Escape
>And realized she'd used that stupid knot either square or clove or whatever they call it.
>Bound us tightly together with twine, and without my other hand i couldn't reach down and undo it.
>I couldn't squirm free with the bound hand, and she knew it
>Her fingers attached to her tied wrist quickly trying to find mine, and hold on tightly
>Comfort, or misplaced assurance i wasn't going to tumble along with her headfirst into the water.
>I made a fist, so she couldn't hold that hand too.
>Her palm cupping over my knuckles instead.

>Eh
>That kinda changed everything
>But not really
>If she wanted to drown with me, sure, why not right?
>Still
>As normal humans do
>I asked her "Why the hell did you do that?"
>Was probably going to ask her to fuck off too
>Pretty sure i didn't ask for her to be here, or any of this.
>So i followed it with the ultimate question
>"Why the FUCK are you even here"
>She responded with silence
>Instead leaning back entirely
>Feet still dangling, back firmly against the planks, hood still over her hair, but the light finally illuminating her face.
>She wasn't smiling
>Not like i last thought, her expression was just empty.
>Then she started
>A quiet voice
>Barely audible over the waves lapping beneath us
>"Your dad, i guess he called your mom, and she called mine..."
>"She begged me, said you were in a terrible state... and that you weren't too far away"
>"I wasn't going to, i didn't care..."
>"...She even offered to pay me you know~ to try to cheer you up."
>"...I hung up on her"

>"My phone rang, and rang, until i turned it off. Shoved it under my pillow"
>"It's still there."
>Then she was quiet
>I didn't interrupt, just listening to the absence of sounds in the dead city.
>*shrug*
>I could imagine the rest of the story i bet, doubt it was too hard to find me
>Only two ways to go, and i didn't go very far.
>I gave her wrist a tug
>Almost a question, before i asked it. "So you wanna jump together then?"
>Something indiscernible was there, at the idea of jumping in together.
>I don't have words for it
>I doubt the english language has words for it.
>But at long last, i felt something.
>And it hurt.
>But she got to language first.
>"I could still be there..."
>That, yanked at the hurt, even the littlest bit.
>Didn't even let me say what i was going to
>Just silence from me
>Painful silence.

>Which she broke, again
>This time a question, as she sat upwards and pulled the arm of mine bound.
>Still a firm grasp on my other hand, not giving me a chance to do anything but sit still, or plunge.
>There's very few questions you can ask someone that give them that one moment in life
>A chance to weigh everything up to that point, and make that grand final decision.
>Raven, she gave me one.
>Quietly, sincere, and in a voice reserved only for words of true value, she whispered.
>"Am i worth living for?"
>She'd long since raised herself to my level, eyes trying to pin my own down in a sparkling emerald gaze.
>We sat like that for eternity, or maybe only a couple seconds.
>As i was imbued the honor of contemplating that question.
>My mind was a proper fuzz
>What did that even mean
>I didn't really understand, but i did all the same.

>Not a good enough singular reason, that would be a shallow life, an empty shell.
>You don't understand that she wasn't
>She couldn't be a reason worth living for.
>Not anymore.
>I'd noticed her hands

>Somehow both of them were holding mine now, broken through my fists
>Grasping, fingers tightly clenching each in an individual embrace.
>Some would say we were sharing our electrical current. Those volts the human body produces naturally in one continuous circuit.
>I think mine were off
>I told her the honest damn truth
>"No"
>And started to lean forward.

>But of course i thought she would just peacefully come along.
>I was entirely wrong
>She hauls backwards, using her weight to shift me just enough that i couldn't do anything, arms pulled back over my head
>"WAIT!" I hear her yell
>Ignoring it entirely, she'd tied us together.
>She could come with, even if all i could do was scoot forward.
>Inches at a time to drag us both off the edge.
>It was a slow fight, her pulling as hard as she could, legs scrabbling, unable to find purchase at the angle she was hanging, and me trying to bench press her nearly backwards, to fling us both off the dock.
>I remember it entirely taking forever, and taking absolutely no time at all
>Not until she yelled, a scream maybe
>"COULD I BE?"
>A questioning shout that ended the entire fight.
>I was the one that stopped, not her, still pulling me away from the edge.
>That, along with everything else
>Was an impossible question

>I didn't really have any answer to that.
>Nothing at all.
>Back and forth my mind went, judging, valuing, and none of it added up to anything.
>That pain, twinge was back though
>First thing i'd felt in weeks, and i didn't know what it meant.
>That was as good an answer as any. So i just blurted it out.
>"Maybe!"
>An exasperated "I don't know"
>An endless surrender, because there was no fight left in me
>On that admission that i didn't even know if i wanted to actually live or die, i just sat there motionless as she pulled me back away from the edge
>She'd tugged me and the anchor along back enough that she can scoot forward, grab my ankle, and somehow make quick work of the knot i'd tied there earlier.
>The rope attached to nothing but air, dangling as our feet had been.
>Swishing back and forth as i watched.

>She'd entirely ruined it all
>Everything
>And i fully expected her to pick up the anchor, and toss it away, but she didn't
>She just let the rope swing, and held my bound hand in hers.

>Maybe this is the movie ending everyone gets once.
>So surreal you're not entirely sure it's not a scripted event, that she'd just risked her life for something as silly as that?
>As me?
>Movies don't really happen, not like they do on the big screen.
>There's always little things
>And this was Raven we were talking about, she's clever, in all the ways i admire her for.
>She told me "So that's the answer."
>Not a question, a statement
>And another
>"Throw the anchor, as far as you can!"
>I didn't throw it, i'm sure in the movie my character would.
>Some kind of inspirational ending note.
>What really happened was i kinda let it tumble off my lap, scratch its way off the edge of the dock and vanish with a dull plunk.
>The rope slithering, and eventually splashing a second time as it hit the water too.
>Then she pulled me up, and away from the water
>Defeated
>Still hands bound
>Still holding both.
>That's where the movie would end, happily ever after, without the next bits.
>But remember, this is raven.
>So i had to ask.

>"What... would you have done if i'd pulled us in? or... said..."
>I left it
>There...
>She knew what i meant.
>I was entirely serious as she was tugging me away, to the shoreline now.
>Safe ground, where i couldn't fling us both off either of the dock's edges.
>She spun, sideways because she couldn't go the entire way with our hands as is.
>Smiled, right as me, as she bent down
>Pulled me down with her, to kneeling
>As she reached into one of those stupid cowboy boots she was wearing.
>Grabbed something
>[spoiler]Probably a snake[/spoiler]
>A knife, not too long, but long enough.
>Ivory handle, fit right into a little leather pocket right in the heel.

>"I would have cut myself loose, and then you-... if you were dumb enough to do it"
>She paused at the end there.
>Obviously i was.
>Plus, that sudden realization that she had a plan the entire time, made the entire thing much less finalistic.
>There goes all that "Going to die together" romance.
>Ruined everything raven
>Movie deal canceled.
>I pointed out, quite plainly, that i would have struggled if she'd done that.
>Probably pulled her under too, and that she probably couldn't fight me.
>She smiled at that one too
>then frowned
>Completely serious voice, low tone and everything.
>"Then i'd have to stab you"

>My surprised face was great i'm sure
>But she was entirely serious
>"You would stop struggling then"
>...
>I bet i would
>Being stabbed REALLY hurts.
>There's that other set of questions about you know...
>But she answers them in a quick dismissal
>"I finally passed the lifeguard certification... the dummy weighs more than you do..."
>...
>Right, i told you guys she was a strong swimmer.
>She slices off the twine with that knife, a quick action and it's gone
>Nothing holding us together but her fingers as she returns the knife
>But she refuses to let go, just in-case i run.
>I was considering it.
>But raven picked her next words
>oddly
>"Anyway..."
>Her hand holding mine and tugging me along after her
>"You're a good enough reason for me to live, i-would-think"
>Cheerfully, in that empty city.
>Her words, picked carelessly or carefully i'll never know
>"You stay for me, and i'll stay for you OK?"
>I don't think i agreed
>But i followed her tugging hand anyway, wordlessly
>She didn't demand a response.
>Movie endings be damned.

That's end for tonight anons. Next thread for nightmare Friday December 5th at 8:00 pst?
Blog page coming up soon.

Update #4 : December 5th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/15031715

>So there's always rules with my tales.
>Simple little things, that i've told you time and time again.
>Like how i always wake up first, as if my mind quietly rouses me from slumber just so that i can experience the fascinating experience of other's springing to consciousness.
>Or maybe i just love watching them sleep, the relaxed masks our faces only use when we're not controlling them.
>Maybe the times i've told you about the ceiling, the sky, my endless penchant for lying back, and staring upwards when everything goes so wrong.
>Maybe for godly guidance, or maybe just because upwards is always a blank canvas for lost thoughts.
>There's other things, small details. Maybe you've missed.
>From the obvious...
>That if gadget's involved, unless i say otherwise, she's probably got an ipod on.
>That Blondie really only seems to blush for me.
>Or that if i forget to open my eyes, it's never the girl i think it is.
>To the harder to realize, ones i bet you've missed.
>For instance I can't guess raven's emotions correctly if i can't see her eyes.
>Or that sometimes when i'm angry, or depressed, hers reflect mine.
>Maybe whenever Glasses glints, she's just done something brilliant, and it has nothing to do with having a plan for what to do next.
>There's more. Plenty more, crossing each of the stories just the littlest things that matter.
>But there's a pretty big one.

>Trust me, you figured it out already
>There's no way you haven't
>It's like a cosmic rule, a joke always laughing down at me.
>If anything ever happens, anything worth blaming someone for.
>It's probably, no...
>It's definitely my fault.
>If there's some way you can worm the blame game into pinning it on me, then it's going to happen.
>That's just the way it works

>Maybe i'm too accepting, i don't put up enough of a fight, or maybe i just end up the stickiest target.
>But everything that happens is always my fault.
>And i'll never be able to forget it.

>Where we end up, is the one rule that changes.
>The one that suddenly becomes false.
>"I don't Dream"
>I can't count how many times i've told myself this to reaffirm reality.
>That the readers have stated it to remind themselves that everything is still real, and actually happening.
>Maybe that's the joke.
>It's not true anymore, even though from what i can pull together, i'm not really dreaming.
>it's still the closest i've had.
>Every night, i always have a dream now.
>Problem is, they're always the same. Every single time, it's only the same dream over and over.
>Every little detail of my day, every little aspect.
>I can't change a thing, no matter how hard i concentrate.
>Just go about my day, exactly as it happened.
>No changes
>Nothing terrible happens, nothing except being unable to change the inevitable.
>Absolutely powerless.
>Until The end, where we're sitting around a table.
>Smiling.
>I'm truly sorry for those of you who dream. They're terrible things.

>Where this dream starts, is much later in my life.
>About four years past where i've left off.
>I'm 21, or 22, it doesn't matter. It's so close to my current self that as i'm writing this, it's been about a year and a half.
>Guess that's important to someone.
>It starts in the same place it always starts, my day started anyway.
>Coffee
>One Venti Latte, one Grande, double shot, no whip, lightly sweetened: both.
>I know that sounds prissy and spoiled, but remember it's california.
>Everyone orders coffee like that.
>I spent that time in line eying the trays of muffins and cookies, heavily contemplating a double-chocolate chip one, and finally discouraging myself long enough to make it past the cashier and wait.
>The sounds are all still there
>Chucking of students in the background, the chatter of the seating areas, or the loud hiss and grind of the various machines the baristas were working.

>Someone talking about homework, someone else about men, and one more about her aunt.
>Always the same conversations before they hand me the coffees.
>The sleeves always miraculously incapable of preventing the third degree burns i probably experienced carrying the damn things back to where we were seated.

>Window seat, always
>Got to watch the day go from gloomy pre-dawn to almost-morning grey. The subtle shift in colors you only notice if you've just stepped outside.
>I set the two coffees down. A clack loud enough for the girl already seated to notice.
>All you can see is her hood, arms crossed into a makeshift pillow and head down against the table.
>But she's not asleep.
>A groan
>"Auuugghhhhhh"
>A low tone, muffled through what are probably sleeves, the table, and the rest of the jacket. But i heard it.
>I even see the shine of the table, the ambient lighting inside contrasting with the reflection from the window out.
>"I don't wanna~"
>Her sing-song way of informing me in half groan that she didn't want to take the test she had next class.
>The entire reason she'd asked for a smaller coffee anyway.
>Didn't want to have to pee in the middle right?
>Not that it matters
>She peeks at the two cups, head up just enough to acquire a target.
>Then reaches over and grabs the big one anyway.

>I mean i'd sigh or something
>But that's so like-her that i never manage to.
>As if i expected it every time.
>I relinquish my large drink and politely take up the smaller one.
>She can have it anyway, she really didn't get any sleep last night.
>Studying, or not studying and pretending to study, or something in between.
>She practically pulls the hood entirely over the coffee and starts sipping it under the jacket, without even lifting her head.
>I don't know how she did that, probably extended a proboscis like a big straw i never knew she had.
>but she was not a morning person today.
>Sunlight, cafeteria lights, light in general.
>Worst enemy right now.
>I do spot someone across the cafeteria at this point, lightly pat my hooded companion on the arm and offer to get her something to eat (a groan in return, so probably no) then give her a "BRB" and trot off across the eating hall.

>Coincidentally another girl in a hood, standing in line for whatever slop they were serving for breakfast today.
>This one shifting side to side, back and forth, with the tiniest pacing and restlessness in her legs.
>I could probably guess why.

>In retrospect somehow i just knew who it was
>Maybe i recognized the jacket, or saw her face, or hands.
>But in this case, sneaking up behind, and surprise hugging a hooded girl did not end in screams and "WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?"
>Plus, as my hug put my head on her shoulder, the telltale giveaway confirmed it wasn't some poor freshman frozen in fear.
>Music
>I mean everybody had earbuds dangling out of hoods anyway.
>But considering it wasn't country, rap, hiphop or an atrocious radio-mixxed pop album she was listening to, i figured it's probably the girl i think it is.
>Which is good
>even as she relaxes back into my arms and the line she's standing in starts moving again.
>Forcing us to waddle forward like silly dancers standing on one another's toes.
>This was gadget, my no holds barred hug-war companion.
>Who was seriously winning the surprise hug game so far.

>She's in line for something breakfasty, and she chimes around with her usual bright and cheery "How's your morning?"
>Contractions, she figured those darn things out after all.
>Actually she was better at english than i was sometimes, scary even.
>I tell her i'm great, but crack a joke at our hooded heroine's expense over at the table.
>"She forgot to wake up on the wrong side of the bed this morning"
>Terrible idea.
>Humor is really hard to learn in a new language.
>So all that did is had gadget try to ask me "Which side of the bed is that?"
>Slapped myself internally as she got pancakes, bacon and eggs.
>How could i forget that kinda thing doesn't make any sense literally.
>Watching her get food, made me want food, so i stumbled across the menu choices and made a terrible choice.
>One that no matter how hard i try to change never seems to alter in the least.
>Worst part of the morning really
>A bagel with cream cheese.

>Never
>Ever, order the bagel with cream cheese.

>They're assholes, they don't spread the cream cheese for you, they give you a plastic knife (or no knife at all) that can't seem to be used without breaking.
>The cream cheese is not only harder than the knife, its harder than the bread too and you end up completely tearing up the poor bagel into crumbs as you apply it from the stupid little packet they give you.
>Then the bagel's dry, the cream cheese has no flavor, and you really should have just bought a double chocolate chip muffin.
>I've tried, so many times to get some eggs, toast, pancakes, or one measly slice of bacon.
>No dice.
>I've suffered through the pain that is that bagel, hundreds of times.
>I told you this story was depressing.

>Angrily attempting to spread cream cheese and walk at the same time brings the both of us back to the table with our hooded queen.
>She peeks, as the chair squeaks across the floor to join our table and Gadget sits down.
>One emerald eye, judging like a lazily sleeping dragon, along with a lock of jet black hair almost covering it.
>You guessed it, Raven's still here with me.
>She blesses my daybreaks with lovely morning commentary most if not every day of the week.
>I love it
>These two, our rogue and bard, were most of the party.
>Our fourth adventurer, the witch. She didn't have classes today, so she wasn't around.
>Plus she'd cleverly set up classes for later in the day so she could sleep in.
>We hated her for it, but she would have usually joined us for lunch.
>The rest of the group. Aubrey, Freckles, Blondie. They didn't go to the same college.
>Blondie went to something expensive, private, and nearby though. So we saw her pretty often.
>Fuck if i know where freckles went, and aubrey transferred out of state.
>Nobody cares about you-know-who.

>There i had choices that day.
>So many choices right there at that table, as we chatted and let raven suckle her lifeblood coffee and attempt to sleep.
>Blondie texts me. Her name in this phone is "Scooby Doo" a story i'll have to tell one day.
>"Lunch? I'm free at 12?"
>Unluckily, no matter how much i want to say otherwise
>"I'm not, Raven has to stay late"
>Texts to me are always so odd, i alway used punctuation, grammar, everything.
>Drove me crazy when someone didn't
>Like gadget
>Her last text in my phone was "C i 2b ur tbk 4 p2"
>Still don't know what it means

>But i agreed to it.
>Blondie wasn't asking me on a date, don't get your hopes up though.
>Gadget was already flurrying back a yes.
>That's the big second choice, the one i could never change.
>I always wonder if i'd just ditched her, if it would have gone any better, or i'd just hate myself more than i already do.

>The day always flows by, a trickle of time that i never even notice, as if the dream skips forward.
>Raven vanishes to class. Gadget joins me for mine, and we waste away the hours.
>Our class ends
>Gadget flings herself to my back, further skewing the hug war results in her favor, before skipping off to her next class.
>I always loved her hugs
>Women are just, full of soft comfy bits that make hugging a real nice thing.
>Specially when they're wearing like two layers of clothes.
>I end up at work
>An on campus assignment, nothing fancy, I have to deal with angry customers, "De-escalation" as they call it.
>I seem to be rather good at it.
>I wonder why.
>The same three people get angry every time.
>One for skipping in line
>An israeli guy starts a fight with someone else he's sitting close to, and some lady spends half my shift demanding i fix something that's not part of my job.
>I don't mind, and near the end of my short shift is when my little bundle of sunshine shows up.
>She's finished her test, feathers entirely ruffled, hood back up and music of her own playing.
>But a smile on her face
>She was definitely awake now, and a quick question "Howd you do?"
>Met with her plopping her butt comfortably on my desk, her feet finding way to my lap and her positioning ENTIRELY blocking me from doing my job.
>"Aced it"
>A grin, cheery tone from her.
>That's my Raven, clever as a bird.
>Every time, she sits on my desk in those dreams.
>Same position, same conversation.
>Blocking me from working entirely for thirty minutes, long enough that i just stand up and say i'll check out early so we can hit up lunch.
>She came to bug me, i didn't mind, i loved her company.
>That's the third choice.

>Fourth is deciding to eat on campus. Fettuccine Alfredo as she boasts about how well she did

on her test, and how quickly she'd run off to the bathroom afterwards.
>The pasta's ok.
>I couldn't help but suppress a smile.
>Then fifth is Glasses, she gave me a phone call.
>Hated texts
>She asked us to the beach, a sunny day like this it was probably great weather and perfect waves for swimming.
>Raven refuses, "Studying" for a test she has later in the week seems to be her decision.
>I don't argue with her
>And that's when we head to the common room.
>A bunch of nice tables all lined up, seats comfortably around them all
>"Quiet!" the sign said by the door.
>"Students Are Studying!"
>That's what we planned on doing.
>Well, me i was going to do my homework.
>Both of sitting, next to one another, two wooden chairs to make a bench as we started, frowning at first, until she pinched me.
>Into giggling, then a hush from another student, and just quiet smiling on our college work.
>That's where my dream ends.
>It's just a normal day.
>But that's because it really happened.
>But you don't know why yet.

Alright anons. I have to stop there because sweet dreams is going to be in a terrible place if i don't.

Wednesday: December 10th will be the next Nightmare thread. Let me get that blog page up. Had to move it up a day.

Update #5 : December 10th

https://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/15122529

>Of course, right on fucking time she arrives.
>Struts through the door like she owns the place, practically pounces like a cat onto my lap
>Misses, claims the desk instead.
>Silly plywood with an ugly grey laminated finish.
>Thankfully nothing of any importance on it, and my supervisor not only wasn't in sight, but didn't care.
>We had other workers on right now, i was a model employee, and i could use a little slacking off.

>They'd come bug me anyway.
>She was the most interesting thing on the desk anyway ^.^
>Aside from the black hood she'd been wearing all morning, now tucked up with her own headphones blaring.
>She was wearing a beaming smile, cheeks awash with happiness, jet black bangs down to the point of her chin with accompanying longer streaks behind them.
>And her eyes.
>Still my favorite eyes, a glowing emerald green, like a cat watching its prey as it swishes its tail lazily back and forth.
>Her prey in this case, me.

>She yawns, mewling, stretching.
>Every muscle in her shoulders contort, and relaxes a she raises one fist above her head and grasps the wrist tightly with her other.
>I know she wants me to ask
>Needs, me to ask
>Otherwise its gloating, she can't just bring it up all alone.
>So why not i figure, i ask Raven
>"How'd you do?"
>Instant smiles
>A beaming cheek to cheek ordeal, light flush and everything.
>I always love how her cheeks light up, the infectious smile that brought me to near giggles myself in cheer.
>We always share moods
>Her and i
>It's just like that between us as she groans out a complete nonchalant
>As if it matters nothing in the world, as if she'd never been up all last night forcibly studying the book over and over.
>"Eh... aced it"
>But she smiles anyway
>A near hidden but oh so obvious grin.
>That's my Raven
>Then she gloated anyway.

>"You wouldn't believe how much easier it was than i thought it was going to be...."
>"...the only hard part was about how..."
>"...And he asked about a section he didn't even go over! But i still knew the answe-"
>I had my legs up, on the table
>She had one hand on my ankle, as nothing more than a friendly point of contact
>But i was entirely relaxed, listening quietly.
>Her speech about the test, the professor, the subject.
>None of it means anything in hindsight.
>Just that i was there.

>Staring at her, listening, nodding.
>I doubt the subject mattered, she could have been talking about anything.
>But my attention was entirely on her, that's what she was seeking and i didn't need to do anything difficult to comply.
>The way her straight black locks of shoulder length hair would rest, curling slightly as she tilted her head in exclamation.
>Her hand movements, fingers wiggling, birds, trees, snakes and all manners of shadow puppets i'm sure if she'd only been in a dark room.
>And her own legs, swinging back and forth in tandem, or sometimes one after the other.
>Swish swish, dark blue jeans and blue green sneakers, Vans (shoe style) she's had forever.
>Moments like that, you can hold in your mind for years.
>Just the little details, make it more special than all the rest, even though you'll do the same thing next week, and maybe the week after next.

>She ends the tirade with
>"So how was your dayyy~?"
>Not really a question, not with her last word rolling off into an extended toying sound.
>It was just "Your turn to talk now, i'm done"
>"Pretty good!" i chime back
>Then proceed to complain about everything.
>complain about my class with gadget (the teacher, gadget was perfect!)
>How much i hated math
>Talked about a silly almost-altercation i got into with one of the students over my job (happens sometimes ya-know)
>Everything we said was dumb
>Pointless
>The entire reasoning was just to fill time, and hear one another speak, until i had nothing left to say.
>Her quietly swinging her ankles back and forth still.
>staring downward, not at my lap, but something else on the carpet.
>Maybe lost in thought.

>"You... didn't go out with blondie and gadget to lunch?"
>Smalltalk again, like all the answers are always laid out
>Never a choice in answering
>"Of course not!" I pretend to be insulted
>"Who else is gonna feed you if you bite my hand like that?"
>It's a joke back, and i get a kick behind my knee in return
>But a grin alongside it.
>It's the little things that reaffirm you really care for someone.
>Still, it was kinda a hint.
>Alongside a nudge
>I get it, "Yeah yeah, ok i'll go ask if i can get off early"

>Woulda done it anyway i figure if i'd gone with the other two.
>Lift my lazy bum out of the chair, scoot by Rave, who gives me a one handed half-assed shove, and i tackle the hallway between me and my boss.
>Not a single conflict, he says its no big, tells me to sign out, and within minutes i'm arm in arm with raven.
>Not holding hands, just think wizard of oz
>Sure we were skipping and dancing too, but really our preferred method of travel was step in step.

>"On Campus? Or Off?" I Query.
>didn't have to ask
>We were right by the cafeteria anyway, would practically pass through it on our way off campus, so why not check on the way by.
>Cafeteria food caught her fancy.
>Pasta Day, Fettuccine Alfredo in clam sauce.
>It looked about, three, four times as good as it actually was
>Too salty, noodles were this stupidly pretentious whole wheat flour that didn't really stick together, plus they were dry somehow.
>I mean how do you make dry noodles in a wet sauce.
>Avoid our food like the plague anons.
>But i mean it had a pretty great flavor, so it was tolerable.
>Raven talked about the test some more.
>Like i said, boasting, plus she was proud of herself, i was proud of her too but i'm legally not allowed to admit that.
>She does tell me though
>"Y... you were right..."
>Which is just a trick, for me to ask about what, and then she'll reveal it like some major event.
>Which she knows i'll know she'll do, so it'll be something i wouldn't even expect.
>I Carefully pluck the bait out of the water
>"Hmmm... about what?"
>Non invested, always the best tone of voice
>"I had to pee like a racehorse after"
>She kept the straightest face i'd ever seen
>Seriously, no eye movement at all, just staring into my soul
>I couldn't do it
>I lost, broke out the hell laughing.

>If it was any other girl, she might have blushed
>Slapped my hand, to get me to stop laughing and making a scene
>Felt embarrassed
>But Raven's not any other girl.
>She didn't even break that emotionless stare.

>And got me right in the eyes with the best statement ever
>"I think i broke your old record"
>I stop
>Stare
>Silently, for two seconds, i must be shocked.
>Then we both break out laughing this time.
>Just a bromance moment, look away respectfully and hold your manly tears.
>She's too good for me, i kn-
>Her phone rings
>sitting on the table right ahead of us both.
>Poor raven probably held that joke in all day
>She's dying of laughter on her chair, and points for me to pick up the phone
>I do
>"Tentacles Is Calling"
>Right
>I don't even want to know

>just answer and say "Hey! This is <'s> Cell, who may i say is calling?"
>Probably expecting some lovecraftian elder god to grumble over the phone
>I hear a ringing chuckling voice as i try to suppressed my giggles from raven still cackling up a storm in her seat.
>Everyones laughing.
>"Hah! I didn't know she had a Secretary now!"
>-Glasses
>Close Enough, Also she's laughing at me.
>Damnit
>"Oi! Put miss Laughy pants on the phone!"
>I shake my head
>No way, i picked up, you deal with me
>Then i realize she probably can't see me shaking my he-
>"Fine then! Ask raven if she wants to go to the beach!"
>Terrified, i scan the room
>Just in case she's here, screwing with me
>No such luck
>God Damnit Glasses
>"Come on! You can come too! We need someone to carry the bags~"
>...
>I'm going to have to kill her no-

>"-Blondie probably, it's her turn to carry them anyway, invite them too."
>Obviously referring to gadget as well.
>I have no clue how she still twists everything i think like that, right on the mark every time.
>Today she wasn't going to win though

>"They went off to lunch, haven't seen em"
>I just nicely tell her, polite as can be.
>Get a groan in return
>"Ugghh, those two...FINE i'll carry the bags!"
>...
>"Yeah one sec, leme ask raven" I note
>Don't even have to tell her who it is, she just asks "What' does she want?"
>"Beach. Fun, Water, Sun."
>I repeat the basic premise
>Which raven shakes her head at.
>"Gotta study... you can go with gadget and blondie if you want..."
>My turn to shake my head
>she doesn't want me alone with glasses anyway.
>"Sorry bud" i start "...Looks like we're both busy..."

>I don't even get to finish
>"HEY you better not say no!"
>"You two are COMING to the beach and HAVING fun and there is NOTHING you can do about it."
>"Also how'd she do on the test?"
>Entire attitude 360 on that question
>To which i ignore the previous statement and repeat raven's previous "She aced it" note of accomplishment.
>Same tone returned "Great! She was really stressed about it the other day...
>"so that obviously means you two deserve a break!"
>I shake my head again
>"Sorry Glasses, we're busy, really. Catch you la-
>"DON'T YOU DARE, PUT RAVEN ON!"
>"If she had picked up you both would be coming ri-
>I hang up
>Turn the phone to silent
>She's right
>Raven would have probably dropped the studying and had us both go.
>But i'm who picked up the phone.
>Too bad glasses.
>Too bad.
>Fate's kinda sad like that.

>Raven'd taken her moment of not arguing about how someone didn't need to go to the beach because she already was o-
>To finish her pasta
>I didn't want anymore of mine, and we seemed pretty satisfied with the choice.
>Even if it tasted wrong when you burped.

>Raven linked her arm in mine, held my hand this time and tugged me along
>You can't really stray far holding someone like that
>The common room, Our discussion on the way was that we might as well study here on a table instead of a carpet back home.
>I agreed
>Plus it was nicely lit, and had comfy chairs.
>Nice tables, lined up into little huddles, three, four chairs against some.
>We picked one with two, slid both chairs next to one another on the same side, and plopped down as if it were a study bench.
>I remember everything about that room.
>The Blue carpet with off shades of grey in blotty patches where the janitor had accidentally used a little too much bleach to remove a tough stain.
>The windows, all cracked open with mossiac yet entirely colorless glass.
>Signs, scattered about
>"No food or Drink!" One of them said
>Yet everyone had a Coffee.
>"Quiet! Students are Studying!"
>Yet everyone was talking.
>Nobody reads signs

>I remember every single person in that room.
>A older man, 40, or 45 come back to finish an education he never finished when he was young. Staring intently at a laptop screen with a coffee at his side.
>Two other tables, crowded with students, five at one, three at the other.
>A lone girl, studying alone by the wall, under a window just cracked open a tad.
>Her face literally forced into a book.
>Then a couple other students sitting alone.
>I started on my homework
>Frowning, with just a hint of hatred for the math i was about to do.
>Well
>At first
>Until Raven pinched me
>Into giggling, a hush from another student, the girl sitting alone by the wall
>It still left us both smiling
>sitting side by side, together, working intently towards our own educations.
>That's where my dream ends
>But life continues

>It wasn't very long
>Five minutes, maybe ten, before we heard a crack
>A quick sound, as if someone had dropped a textbook without the thump of the bass.
>Everyone looked up, there's always sounds like that
>Some fool had knocked over a table, or broken a bottle, always something.

>Not today
>We didn't see him
>Not at first, we heard a scream first thing, startled and bolting upright in our seats.
>The disgusting human nature that forces us to watch instead of flee.
>Maybe that's self preservation in itself
>The group of five did, they were closest to to the hallway.
>They stood up, two girls started running and the others followed
>Then hammering
>Like a hammer on a tin sheet, a crackling rasp of cracks, high pitched one after the other.
>Not a sound i'd ever heard before
>Not in real life
>But i recognized it right away, as that group seemingly piled against the door, one after the other fell.
>Gunfire.

>The moments were empty, as if everything wasn't really happening
>They didn't fall to bullets
>Not as we sat there, stiff as boards watching.
>I don't think i had time to be scared, i was ready, at any moment to jump out of my seat.
>Start something, do something.
>But a claw, not a light touch, a grasp with fingernails digging into my thigh, held me down.
>And i watched the group that ran
>It was as if fear, took down two of them, there wasn't nearly the amount of visual feedback i expected.
>Tumbled, collided headfirst into one another.
>Then to the floor.
>Maybe two were hit, maybe all of them, but nobody made it out.
>Just more sharp cracks, and little puffs of force against the clothes, the bodies they impacted.
>It was so empty, so void of anything, meaning, emotion. Absolutely nothing.

>One of the girls seizing up, stiff and then limp again.
>A male, yelling something in a language i didn't know, islamic possibly, or something from the middle east.
>His voice fell short as the cracks continued.
>I didn't count how many shots were fired, or who they hit.
>All i know is that i watched five people fall.
>And only one, or two still really trying to move
>He ignored them
>It was a man
>Male, turtleneck, a blue bandana on his chin, for what reason i don't know.
>The top half of his face visible for all to see.
>Hispanic, Black hair, dull eyes.

>No color, just dull, that's all i remember.
>A description i had to give to the police, multiple times.
>I knew him, in one of my classes.
>Quiet, never commented, never sat next to anyone.
>Not weird, just... distant.
>It was like, my brain didn't work
>Not properly, not as it should
>I should have grabbed Raven's hand, run, the second we heard that noise.
>The absolute instant i thought there was any danger.
>But i didn't
>Sitting here frozen in fear
>And as someone else tried
>A single student, alone at a table tried to run
>You didn't even hear the sound anymore
>Like it just wasn't a part of the scene
>She just fell over
>Twice in the back, and her legs just stopped working.
>Like it was nothing.

>In all my memory, the entire scene seemed such a fuzz
>He yelled something
>anything, i don't know what
>Maybe telling us to stay still and he wouldn't harm us
>Or maybe telling us we were all dead from the very start.
>Maybe something else entirely, i couldn't hear it.
>Not a damn word.
>Just ringing, quiet ringing blotting out everything.
>All i saw was him waving around a weapon.
>A rifle, of what type i didn't know.
>Not that it mattered.
>That man, the 40 year old with his coffee and laptop.
>He stood up
>Yelled something
>Tried to be heroic, or reason with the guy.
>And then he wasn't yelling anymore.
>I still don't know what anyone said.
>Words, forever lost to posterity.

>It was so smooth
>As if we all waited our turn to die.
>He walked, a gait entirely devoid of any emotion
>Eyes i still couldn't read, to the group of three studying.
>The girls.

>He asked some question, something one of them responded to.
>I don't know what
>But they were on the ground too, and i still swear i never heard gunshots.
>Then another
>A male sitting all alone
>He asked him that stupid question
>Maybe the same one
>Maybe not
>Still ended the same way, with the guy, just
>He just sat there, almost in shock
>As if nothing had happened, before tumbling the entire way to the floor
>It was so empty, so anti dramatic compared to everything i'd imagined.
>A lack of blood
>a lack of feedback
>People just fell, and i watched it all
>that claw on my leg only getting tighter, and tighter.

>Then it didn't seem like much of anyone was in that room anymore as he turned.
>Those dull grey eyes, facing us.
>I don't know how many steps
>Seconds
>Before he was at our table, emptily glaring at both of us.
>Then it was our turn for that question
>Oh so simple, but to him it seemed worth taking lives for
>"Why are you here?"

>For just a moment, a tiny glimmer
>I realized i understood him.
>And that terrified me
>Raven, not even a word, she didn't say a thing, frozen in terror, or quietly hoping i knew what to do.
>And it let me think, for just a second
>Enough, to realize the simple truth
>This man was a psychopath.
>He didn't care what answer i gave, he had his own in mind, the perfect response.
>That's always how it works.
>Anything less gets you killed, unless he likes it
>And i didn't know him.
>So i threw on my best act
>My inner edge, and asked him a question back
>I knew he was going to shoot us
>I knew there was no way we were getting out of this, unless somehow
>Just somehow, i was clever.

>And i tried.
>"You first? I'm curious"

>I'd had practice, playing my voice into the perfect uninterested tone
>Pretending the situation itself was meaningless
>A rifle, pointed downwards, but still entirely in my face
>The grooves, the handles, each and every soft and sharp shadowed edge.
>He chuckled
>Or maybe it was a dry cough
>The room, so silent they both sounded exactly the same
>As if the school hadn't realized yet
>No sirens in the distance
>No help was coming
>So i just waited, as he stared
>Cold grey eyes, directly into mine
>I'll remember those eyes for the rest of my life
>Every day i breathe, they'll be there
>Haunting me.
>Because i could see them perfectly.
>Read every emotion
>And there were none
>He paused, a long while, and started
>"To punish.... those who steal from society..."
>He had an entire speech
>Rehearsed, as if
>If i hadn't come along, he would have run to a podium
>To the onlooking crowd, announced his deeds to the world.
>Sickening
>But i bet you every single mass murderer has had one prepared.
>Just in case.

>I'm not sure i heard much of it.
>It's not really that it wasn't logical, or worth listening to
>It's just lost
>A lost human being, without any compass to point him in the right direction
>So he makes his own
>and all i can do
>IS agree with it
>Sighing, loudly, as loudly as i possibly can
>I don't answer his question, because that's not what he wants
>He wants to talk about himself
>Like...
>Like a woman.

>Maybe that's the only reason i'm alive up to this point
>Is that i understand how he's thinking
>So i ask another question
>To keep him talking
>"So... it must be difficult following this path alone..."
>and i get an idea
>A plan
>Maybe glasses rubbed off on me, and maybe i'd just had it in me all along
>I drop a hint
>"Does your plan have a name? followers?"
>I ask it as if it should
>As if it's a cult, that needs members, people to follow his ideas to create a perfect world.
>It appeals to his ego.
>Feeds him, makes him value himself.
>You don't understand how terrifying it is to realize i'd learned this from women.

>Maybe there's a thrill in converting someone to your own
>Or maybe i really did give off that edge
>That hollow shell of a human he was looking for to follow his ideas.
>Because he pointed the rifle at me, and laughed
>"Alright..."
>One word
>Throaty
>guttural
>that handgun, i watched it
>Leave his belt
>Grinding, slide across the table surface, to my hand
>And then he pointed
>"HER"
>Someone off in the distance
>Whoever they were, squealed, squeaked or something quiet
>I heard it even from here.
>But didn't look
>I was only staring at the weapon
>I took it
>Pretended
>I knew what i was doing
>Stood as if i was a cop shooting a target, aimed towards that girl
>Then paused
>"Which girl? I asked"
>As growling as i could
>Emotionless
>so he'd know i was serious.

>Intentionally
>I knew which one
>But he pointed
>He pointed anyway. with the tip of his rifle.

>Now i knew the basics of gun safety
>Aka don't point it at people across the room you don't want to kill
>Which
>Was what i was pointing it at
>And even worse
>I pretend to pull the trigger
>aiming just a bit to the left, just... in case
>"It's stuck" i mumble once
>"The safety's on"
>I chime in a second time, and tilt the gun
>Sideways
>Barrel facing him, and pretend to fumble with the side
>I almost pull the trigger in time
>Almost
>But he shouts something
>Maybe he said the gun didn't have a safety
>It sure didn't look like it
>I couldn't find one
>It wasn't stuck anyway
>I fired the pistol, as aimed at his head as i could sideways.
>But he turned too, to face me.
>I'd never fired a gun before
>It was so heavy
>So weighty in the wrong places i didn't know how to handle
>How pulling the trigger raised the barrel just so unless you corrected for it
>How your grip matters.
>And whatever i'd done, i missed.
>Instead of one clean shot to the head, i end up firing it next to his ear
>A glancing blow, strikes the side of his back jaw and skids off
>a red mark, instantly obvious the entire way.
>As if something large and ferocious had scratched him once, one long cut
>It wasn't nearly enough, not to stop him, and me
>Stupid me
>I'd scared the shit out of myself and dropped it.
>I don't really have time to react as he turns to face me
>The barrel of that rifle swinging.
>Raven does.

>It's not really heroic
>She doesn't shove me out of the way
>she just...
>Just gets in the way herself
>As that barrel swings around, and the flashes
>That's what i saw
>His face light up, four times, five times, as he pulled that trigger.
>Each burst, in slow motion.
>Then it was over, it jammed, or ran out of bullets or who knows
>The guy clutched his face
>The bottom of his cheek, his jaw
>And ran.
>Before either of us hit the floor

>You don't feel it
>I didn't
>Not a damn thing
>I still fell
>As if it wasn't a choice, all of a sudden i was on the ground
>Everything still worked
>Just stopped, for one moment
>I'd landed, lying sideways
>Staring, at the back of Raven's head.
>I knew though
>I knew how gunshots worked, i knew how gunshot wounds killed
>Tried to inspect myself
>But it was just so hard
>My body wasn't cooperating
>Nothing was functioning, or listening to the commands i was giving
>It's called shock.
>where you just, shut down everything.
>I was still racing in my thoughts
>Counting in my head
>He missed, i know he missed, two, or maybe three
>Hit me, and maybe raven once
>Or her twice
>All i knew was that he must have hit me in the stomach
>and... i could get up
>Apply pressure to her.
>I knew how to do a tourniquet, i just...
>I try sitting up
>And i don't make it up
>There's an entire white flash

>My vision goes entirely, and returns as my head lowers again.
>Thumping back to the floor.
>I didn't know it, but he'd hit a major artery of mine.
>And my blood pressure was catastrophically low.

>That's something no-one ever goes over with gunshots.
>Why you can't move after they hit you.
>Think of your arm, you've just slept on it and it feels like a senseless piece of rubber
>that's reduced blood pressure
>Reduced blood flow
>When you get shot?
>that happens all over
>Slowly at first, but your heart just wasn't designed to pump liquid when there's a hole in the system
>It's just
>You slowly stop being able to move
>Your senses go first
>You can't feel your fingers
>the clothes on your arm.
>the blood pooling around my waist
>I didn't feel any of it
>and i couldn't move
>I always hated that
>Knowing that i knew
>Exactly what to do in any emergency situation
>And that if i was hurt
>There's nothing anyone else would do
>I knew how to save raven
>Not fix, but give her time, minutes, maybe an hour
>And my arms wouldn't even listen
>Within hugging distance and i couldn't even touch her.

>I did the only thing i could
>Screamed for help
>More of a whisper
>But louder with every throb of my abdomen
>It had started with just a dull pain
>then slowly increased
>Hotter
>And Hotter, to a burning coal inside my stomach.
>Eating away at my flesh
>It made me scream, yell.
>I tried

>I swear i told them to help her, to save her first.
>not that it mattered.
>All the rest of the students that had been here
>the ones that watched my heroic failure
>they ran
>They left us, and the white circle closing in on my vision.
>a new experience i must admit
>But they left us.
>Because most people don't even bother trying.
>Nothing really changed.
>I woke up first.
>A hospital bed, a hospital gown.
>Staring upwards, the ceiling, dotted with little holes in those premade tiles.
>the harsh smell of antiseptic, the empty color scheme of everything.
>I turned my head, accidentally pulling my abdomen just the slightest
>It hurt
>not badly, but still hurt just a bit
>My room was empty, except for me.

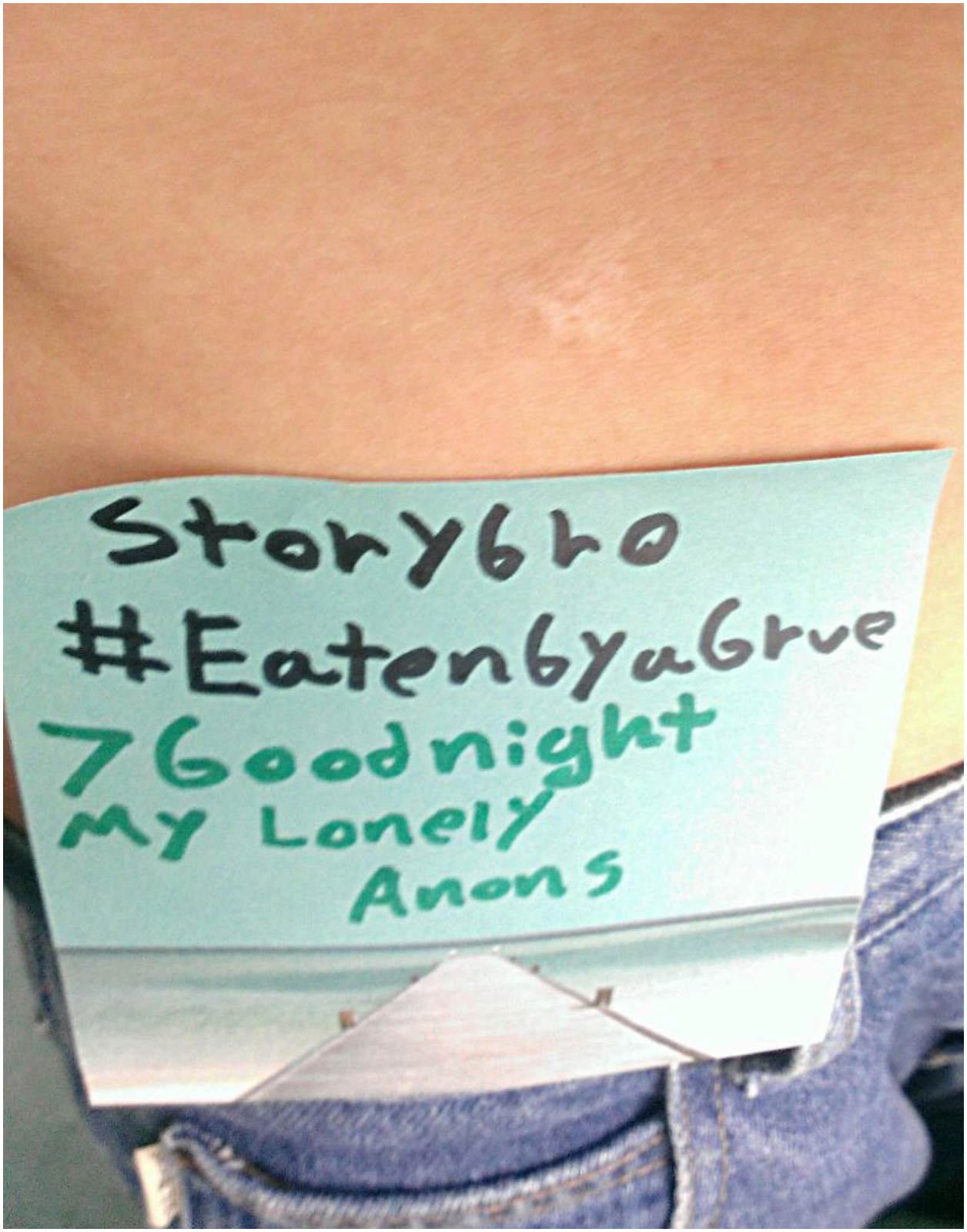
>a Nurse arrived, and i asked her
>First thing
>Begged her to tell me if Raven was Ok
>And she just looked at me, and said
>"I'm sorry i don't know", checked my dressings, the IVs and left.
>That's how my day went, long into the afternoon.
>different people
>doctors, nurses
>I asked every one
>And none of them told me, not a single word.
>that same answer every time, until 3:00 or 4:00, everyone arrived.
>Trickled in
>Parents, Mine, Raven's mother and stepdad.
>My uncle, a cousin, father, and a whole assortment of people, some from the school...
>Gadget was there, and Blondie, both staring at me
>As if..
>As if.....
>I didn't care.
>I asked them all, first then when everyone came in all at once
>I asked them where raven was, if she was ok, if i could see her.
>All the important questions you ask, every single one
>And i knew already
>Even more so when none of them answered.
>not a single adult.

>Except for one little girl.
>Raven's little sister, she ran at me screaming.
>"IT'S YOUR FAULT!"

>They pulled her kicking and screaming back, and i told the doctor right then and there that i didn't want visitors.
>None
>I was an adult, and that meant everyone, had to leave, and they did
>They didn't even argue with me
>not a single one
>I just ignored them leaving
>Stared up at the ceiling
>The only thing i had, and blanked out my mind
>didn't even think
>Couldn't stand thinking.
>Except for thirty minutes later, there was a click
>I heard it.
>I guessed who it was, sneaking back in to see me
>To quietly keep me company.
>The music gave it away as she pulled a chair to my side and tried to talk to me
>Tried to say something
>And ignored her, didn't listen.
>For three days she was my only visitor, snuck in every time.
>Her and the piles of notes, i must have got hundreds
>"Get better!" and "Get Well soon" and "Hope you recover quickly"
>Those hurt, i couldn't stand them.
>But what were worse, were the ones calling me a Hero.
>Saying i saved people, other students in that room.
>Those were cosmic jokes.
>Laughing faces upon the failure i'd had at protecting raven.
>Everyone around me didn't understand
>Gadget.
>I didn't talk to her
>I didn't answer her when she tried to bring up something
>Anything
>It sounded important but i was too far gone.
>Staring at the ceiling, that's what i did all day.
>And soon, she didn't come back either.
>That's the last time i saw her too.

>Gadget left,back to south america.
>I didn't listen to her, i wasn't there to talk to and say goodbye.
>She had my email

>My phone number, my names on various online services.
>And its been almost a year and a half, and she hasn't contacted me once.
>I think she hates me, or maybe she realized i'd have fallen apart on her, and ran to get away from it. Maybe something else entirely.
>She only told me, nobody else seems to know, and i wasn't listening.
>Blondie just stayed away, aubrey and freckles never really cared.
>And Glasses.
>Well...
>Id done my job hadn't i, ruined her plans, my skill to fuck up everything.
>I'd killed the woman she loved.
>She'll never forgive me for that.
>Good night anons.
>Good night for good.



*Because as always, the [password](#) is "Eatenby*****"*